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## THE CHRONICLE.

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## MISCELLANY.

From the Nashville Banner.  
GEN. W. T. HASKELL.

Haskell in the Lunatic Asylum! One of the brightest geniuses that have dawned upon this age, a melancholy wreck and ruin! The most gifted and eloquent tongue in America, giving utterance to the unmeaning gibberings of the raving maniac! A man whom nature has fitted to associate with the greatest intellects of the world, and to adorn the most brilliant circles of society, an inmate of the madman's cell, with the most lost and wretched of the sons of humanity for his companions!

When the report first reached us that the great mind of the gifted Haskell had fallen, we refrained from making it public, in the hope that it might not be confirmed; but, sad and startling as was the intelligence, it was too painfully true, and it is useless longer to conceal the fact.

The career of this gifted but unfortunate son of genius is a peculiar one, and should be universally known for the impressive lessons which it teaches. From his earliest boyhood he has shown himself possessed of the highest order of talents. While at college in this city, he distinguished himself as a poet and an orator. His graduating speech is spoken of to this day by those who heard it, as worthy of the immortal Pericles in his palmist days, and probably not surpassed by any subsequent effort of his own. He has served his country on the battle field and in the halls of Congress. It was his residence at Washington that confirmed upon him those unfortunate habits from which he never recovered, and which have finally blasted his exalted intellect. True, he at one time broke the fiery serpent from his hands, and dashed it to the earth. To make his own reformation complete, and aid in lifting up others who had fallen, like himself, he went through the State lecturing on temperance. The tour was an eminently successful and brilliant one, his lectures being fully equal to those of Gough, whose unearthly eloquence has electrified thousands in this country and in England. But his old habits gained the mastery of him again, and his subsequent life has been but a fearful struggle between his appetites and his ambition—a struggle in which, it must be confessed, his appetites have generally triumphed. So great indeed, was his craving for artificial stimulants, that even while delivering his temperance lectures, he made use of drugs, sufficient in quantity and potency to burn out the vitals of an ordinary man.

Right here is found the true cause of his fall—the rock on which his intellect has gone to wreck—a love of excitement, amounting to an irresistible passion, coupled with a constant tendency to melancholy and depression, thus inducing a need of artificial stimulants to buoy up his drooping spirits, and lift him into that world of thoughtless and giddy recklessness, in which alone he seemed able to live. So great was his proneness to despondency, and so insatiable his thirst for excitement, that he was scarcely ever known to be quiet for any length of time. He preferred rather to be tossed about in the whirlpools of contention and strife than to sail on the calm sea of domestic peace and tranquility. When not engaged in public speaking, he was constantly found in the convivial circle, which he never failed to enliven and delight by his presence. Wherever he went he was surrounded by crowds of admiring friends, who were never so well entertained as when listening to his lively, eloquent and learned conversation. His conversational powers were indeed wonderful. The resources of his mind were inexhaustible, and his tongue never faltered for a word. There was no subject whether ancient or modern, grave or gay, upon which he did not converse with fluency and eloquence. He passed, with the most careless ease, from the profoundest disquisition upon the doctrines of the Bible, the religion of Confucius, or the Baconian philosophy, to the lightest literature of the day. His conversation, as well as his public speeches, abounded in the soundest philosophy, mingled with the liveliest wit, the bitterest sarcasm with the most laughter provoking humor, and, truth compels us to add, the

most exalted religious sentiments, with the most blasphemous irreverence, and the darkest infidelity.

Altogether he was one of the most remarkable men of this age. His character is an unwritten and unsolved enigma. He is, indeed, a man without a character, and almost without a fixed personal identity. Now, he is the impulsive child of nature, with a heart warm in its responses to the slightest touch of kindly feeling, and the next hour the morose and gloomy misanthrope—the dark and revengeful man-hater. One moment his tongue is melting in tenderness and affection for his friends and for all humanity, and the next instant it seems to burn and blister with the darkest curses and the most terrible threatenings against all mankind.

To-day he appears as the religious bigot and the philanthropic enthusiast, and tomorrow we behold him as the reviler of religion, and the hater of his race. His good qualities, however, predominate over the bad. Unlike most men, his virtues seem inherent, while his vices are the result of the circumstances of his life, and the temptations that have beset his pathway. To his credit it may be said, that in spite of all the errors and misfortunes that have blighted his affections, tortured his heart, and blasted his intellect, he still retains traces of the inborn nobleness of his nature, and the transcendent grandeur of his genius. But the brightest phase of his whole life is his career as a politician. In this alone he has been consistent. No change or vacillation mars this feature of his character. Without undertaking to say whether he has been right or wrong in his political principles, we cannot fail to admire the faithfulness with which he has adhered to, and the eloquence and ardor with which he has defended them. He has always belonged to the strictly conservative school of politicians. His speeches, and especially those of his palmy days, have always been replete with the soundest political philosophy. Though beset with the graces of oratory, and enlivened by the most inimitable wit and humor, yet they have all been founded upon the grand substratum of sound logic, and profound reasoning. His career as a political speaker forms one of the brightest pages in the history of Tennessee oratory. During the last two Presidential contests he thrilled and electrified all who heard him. His tour through the State in the summer of '56 was brilliant almost to a fabulous degree. It was a continued ovation from its beginning to its close. Wherever he was expected to speak, myriads flocked to hear him, and thought it a privilege to stand in the burning sun or drenching rain for four long hours, listening to his enrapturing eloquence. All along his route he was greeted with the most enthusiastic plaudits of the people. Our readers will remember well how brilliant was his reception in this city. A long procession of military and citizens escorted him through the streets, and thousands flocked around his carriage eager to shake him by the hand or catch a glimpse of his noble face and form. It was a spontaneous outpouring of homage to exalted genius, and a more hearty tribute of admiration and love was never accorded to any man. His speech on that day will be forever embalmed in the memory of those who heard it.

Pat his lofty genius is overthrown. The mind that dived into those profound depths of philosophic reasoning, and that soared to those sublime heights of poetic eloquence and beauty, is shrouded in the gloom and darkness of a hopeless insanity. The tongue that drew tears like water from strong men's eyes, and wrought up to phrenzy whole multitudes at once; that held enraptured thousands in breathless suspense upon its lightest tone, and brought an entire State bowing in homage at the shrine of its eloquence, is now hushed in silence, or can utter naught but the unmeaning and incoherent sounds of the disordered and unreasoning lunatic.

What a fearful commentary is this strange history upon the danger of heeding the seductive voice of the tempter—how impressive a lesson to aspiring genius. This noble vessel, that has gone down in full sail amid the waves, may hereafter serve to warn others away from the whirlpools in which it is wrecked.

While Raphael was engaged in painting his celebrated frescoes, he was visited by two cardinals, who began to criticize his work, and found fault without understanding it.

"The Apostle Paul has too red a face," said one.

"He blushes to see into whose hands the church has fallen!" answered the indignant artist.

An exchange paper tells of a person who professed his sermon with—

"My friends, let us say a few words before we begin."

This is about equal to the chap who took a short nap before he went to sleep.

From the National Intelligencer.  
A CARD, (2).

In a recent political address General Pillow charged that Mr. Trist, with my assistance, had, in Mexico, administered a bribe to President or General Santa Anna, &c. By a card in the National Intelligencer, I promptly replied that I was morally certain Mr. T. had not paid a cent, in the way of a bribe, to any body whatever in Mexico, and I solemnly added that I was personally totally ignorant of any bribe of any sort whatever, great or small, being paid to that high functionary (Santa Anna), or to any other, directly or indirectly, for his use or benefit, by or on account of any American officer or agent, civil or military. My denial General Pillow calls (in a rejoinder) "evasive," "a mere quibble," and he affects to support his first assertion by extracts from "the sworn statements of Generals Quitman and Shields," which, he says, he has "procured from the record of the War Department."

Entertaining for those Generals (Q. & S.) high admiration and respect, I was in haste—not that there was anything material in the extracts—to learn from the War Department the charter of the (to me) unknown "record" quoted by General Pillow. I have but now received a copy of the document, and in some of its other aspects it shall, presently, receive a passing notice. Suffice it to say, in this connection, that neither of the statements produced by General Pillow, with so much gravity, contradicts me in the least on the only point in question, viz: the ten thousand dollar bribe; for neither of those Generals pretends to know to whom the bribe was paid, nor did any other American ever hear me whisper the name or names of the receivers, until confidentially disclosed on the final settlement, at the War Office, of my secret disbursements. Gen. Pillow, however—"most ignorant of what he's most assured"—first assumes that he has been confided to him a great secret, and next betrays it by letting the world know that he had the honor of being trusted! The Mexican newspapers, I learn, have recently been filled with notices of General Pillow's denunciation of General Santa Anna, mixed up with the inquiry, "Who is the most infamous? He who receives a bribe, or the functionary who, in violation of his own and his country's honor, discloses the name of traitor?"

But this case, bad as it is, does not stand alone in our recent annals, and, of course, nothing so base could have occurred in our earliest history; for Jan. 30, 1857, a pliant Executive was made, by the plastic hand of a malignant Secretary, to communicate to the Senate, for publication—without any conceivable purpose, but at the expense of national faith and honor, to give me annoyance—the entire account I had confidentially rendered to the War Department of my secret disbursements in the Mexican war! It is true that names had been suppressed, by me, in the written items; but many entries were rendered, and now stand so published in this manner: "Paid messengers of the Consul \$50;" "Paid an Englishman to report violations of the armistice, \$200;" "Paid a member of the municipality, \$162 50," &c. Already in consequence of this publication, five highly respectable residents of Mexico—utterly guiltless of bribery, but liable to suspicion under those designations—have, through a distinguished channel, made application to me for exoneration.

Gen. Pillow speaks feelingly of "great and patriotic statesman who was (in 1846) Chief Magistrate of the nation," his sometime law partner, who had made him a Major General; the same who, early in the war, sent for me, and in the kindest and most beseeching manner solicited my personal sympathy as well as professional aid in conquering a peace, promising me his entire confidence and support; the same who, before I had reached Mexico, endeavored, first, to appoint a lieutenant general to supersede me; and, failing in that, next thought of placing me under the same party, appointed a major-general (and of course) my junior; the same who, it turns out, appointed Gen. Pillow a spy on the conduct of Mr. Trist and myself; and the same "great and patriotic statesman" who, having failed in nearly every promise he made me, finally, when the war had been ended, released from arrest three officers who had been engaged in a conspiracy against me; restored them, with honor, to duty; superseded me in the command of the army in Mexico, and ordered the three conspirators and myself equally before a court of inquiry! It so happened that only Gen. Pillow's conduct was directly investigated by that court; but its same three members were confidentially instructed from Washington—no doubt at the instance of the spy—to organize themselves into a new court of inquiry to investigate secretly that part of my conduct relating to the council of war held July 17, 1847, at Puebla, for the purpose, at alleged, of purchasing a peace, and

which council figures so largely in Gen. Pillow's recent publications.

This court had every characteristic of a secret inquisition; it met under confidential instructions; it was reorganized in my absence and without my knowledge; whereas, in Gen. Pillow's case (as always), he was not only present, but had the privilege of objecting to members, and I should have challenged the entire panel; and the court proceeded to take evidence, beginning with that of Gen. Pillow! also in my absence, whereas the law (91st article of war) expressly declares that the accused shall "be permitted to cross-examine and interrogate the witnesses." Finally, when called before the bastard tribunal, I made my protest, and had nothing more to do with it; and had supposed, until Gen. Pillow recently published the statements of two honorable generals (Quitman and Shields), that all the parties connected and with this investigation had become ashamed of their conduct and had made no report, as there was no publication of their proceedings. Nevertheless, the inquest found no allegation against me supported.

The next article of war (the 92d of the same statute) declares, "as courts of inquiry may be perverted to dishonorable purposes, and may be considered as engines of destruction to military merit in the hands of weak and envious commanders, they are hereby prohibited, unless directed by the President of the United States or demanded by the accused." Little did the law-maker imagine that even a President might prove himself one of that class of commanders!

A word more. Two members of that famous court were breveted—one a major general, without other connection with the Mexican war; and the other a brigadier, professedly for some slight service at Buena Vista, and both after their attempts to white-wash Gen. Pillow and browbeat me as the prosecutor in that case.

WINFIELD SCOTT.

New York, October 30, 1857.

P. S. In my former card I abstained, except incidentally and unavoidably, from criminating Gen. Pillow or defending myself, although overwhelming means for either purpose lay before me; and I am endeavoring to be equally self-denying on the present occasion, leaving the due distribution of blame and praise among all concerned in the Mexican war to the future historian. Nor do I consider it any violation of that self-imposed restriction to finish here one of Gen. Pillow's quotations (in his recent reply to me) from the statement of Gen. Quitman. The extract made by him (P.) was intended to implicate me in the project of purchasing, under certain circumstances, a peace, to which he now says he was more or less repugnant from the first, and with that quotation he (P.) suddenly stops, being, no doubt, appalled with the following sentence in the same statement, in which Gen. Quitman continues: "After some pause (in the council) Gen. Pillow gave his opinion in favor of waiting the arrival of Gen. Pierce, and expressed, in detail, his concurrence with the views of the General-in-Chief on the propriety of raising and applying the money as proposed, pledging his influence as an officer and a citizen to sustain the measure!" After this exhibition it probably will not be thought important by anybody whether Gen. Pillow has expressed any opinion at all, or a contrariety of opinions, on any given subject whatever.

W. S.

OPERATIVES OFF FOR IRELAND.—The Newbury correspondent of the Boston Traveler writes as follows:

We are gratified to learn that every effort will be made to keep our cotton manufactories in operation, and that, if accommodations are extended by the banks, they will not stop during the winter.

According to the census of 1850, there were in the New England States 300,000 operatives engaged in manufacturing cotton and woolen goods; in New York, 200,000; in Pennsylvania, 150,000; and in all other States, 300,000.

Quite a number from our Irish population are returning Ireland. By industry and economy many of them have acquired means, and in view of the favorable condition of the old country, start off with the determination of spending the remainder of their days at their early homes.

An Hibernian was reproved by an officer for daring to whistle in the ranks while going on duty. Just as the officer spoke one of Russia's balls came whistling over the ravine. Pat cocked his eye up towards it, and quietly said: "There goes a boy on duty, and, by jabs, hear how he whistles!"

Two Irishmen were in prison, one for stealing a cow, and the other for stealing a watch. "Hallo, Mike, and what o'clock is it?" said the cow stealer to the other. "And sure, Pat, I haven't my time-piece handy, but I think it is about milking time."

## GIVE ME A FAITHFUL HEART.

I do not crave bright gems of earth,  
Or gold of dazzling hue;  
But ask for something of more worth—  
A heart that's pure and true.

Though earth may yield her costly gems,  
That look so fair to view,  
I ask not for such a diadem,  
But for a heart that's true.

A heart that glows with noble deeds;  
For this I've will sue;  
A guileless heart from envy freed—  
A heart that's pure and true.

A heart like this is real worth—  
It nothing can outbid;  
'Tis all I ask for here on earth—  
A heart that's pure and kind.

## REMARKABLE MARRIAGES.—

Of the many Chinamen in New York, not a few keep cigar stands upon the sidewalks. Their neighbors in trade are the Milesian apple-women. Twenty-eight of these apple-women have gone the way of matrimony with their elephant eyed, olive-skinned cotemporaries, and the most of them are now happy mothers in consequence. The physiologist avers that the human being is improved, as is the domestic branch of the quadruped animals, by "crossing." If this be true—and we suspect that it is—the natives of this country ought to be remarkable for physical strength and beauty; for surely there never was such a mixture of races in any part of the world. Representatives of all nations have located and married here. We know of two Bedouin Arabs, part of an exhibiting troupe that came to this country several years ago, who married wives, and are rearing offspring in one of the Hudson river counties. Siam has its representatives here in the famous twins, and in one of the up-town streets a wealthy native of Morocco domiciliates with a Westchester county spouse. The mixture of Dutch, Italian, French, Spanish, English, Irish, Danish, Swedish, &c., is perfectly bewildering, but the amalgamation of the Irish and the Chinese is more than bewildering—it begets a chaos of ideas from which no ray of intelligibility can be safely eliminated. Imagine a scion of this stock chatting gaily about "Josh" in one moment, and speaking of his father Ping Sing Chi, and, in the next, whirling a shillelah at a primary election, and swearing that he goes in, tooth and nail, or rather body and breeches, for the nomination of his mother's brother, Patrick O'Dowd. Oh, what a country is this!—N. Y. Mercury.

Away among the Alleghanies there is a spring, so small that a single ox, in a summer's day, could drain it dry. It steals its unobtrusive way among the hills, till it spreads out in the beautiful Ohio. Thence it stretches away a thousand miles, leaving on its banks more than a hundred villages and cities, and many a cultivated farm, and bearing on its bosom more than half a thousand steamboats. Then joining the Mississippi, it stretches away and away some twelve hundred miles more, till it falls into the great emblem of eternity. It is one of the great tributaries of the ocean, which, obedient only to God, shall roll till the angel, with one foot on the land, shall lift up his hand to heaven, and swear that time shall be no longer. So with moral influence. It is a river—a river—a river—an ocean, boundless and fathomless as eternity.—Southern Illinoisian.

KANSAS.—The Richmond Examiner (democratic) concludes a long article on the present posture of Kansas affairs, as follows:

"It is all the legitimate result of attempting to make, so to speak, 'a silk purse out of a sow's ear,' of attempting to constitute a sovereign State—a law-obeying, order-loving, constitution-respecting commonwealth, out of a heterogeneous motley of speculators, back-woodsmen, rowdies and cutthroats. Kansas ought to be ruled with a rod of iron and the strong arm of imperial power for a dozen years yet to come, without so much as a constable being elected by the people" (God save the mark!) during the whole time. Then the polls might be opened and the people left "perfectly free to frame their own institutions in their own way." Then there might be an orderly, just and satisfactory settlement of all vexed questions by competent suffrage. There cannot be until then."

A PEG TOO HIGH.—A feckless gentleman, traveling in the country, on arriving at his lodging place in the evening, was met by the hostler, whom he thus addressed:

"Boy extricate that quadruped from the vehicle, stabulate him, devote to him an adequate supply of nutritious aliment, and when the Aurora of morn shall illumine the oriental horizon, I will reward you with a pecuniary compensation for your amiable hospitality."

The boy not understanding a word, ran into the house, saying: "Master, here's a Dutchman wants to see you."

## THE GRAVE OF THE BELOVED.—

How precious is the spot to us where the remains of a beloved friend or relative in whose society we once took so much delight. The mother loves often there to retire, and while standing beside the grave of her beloved child, to call to mind the scenes of by gone days, when the loved one, now reposing in silence of the grave, smiled upon her, and called her by the endearing name of mother. There the father spends hours in looking back to the time when he knew his beloved and promising son, whom none knew but to love, was the joy of his heart, and the object of his greatest care and solicitude. The husband or the wife here come to meditate, and mourn over the loss of a departed companion; all, from the nearest relative, to the warm-hearted and sorrow-stricken friend, here resort to meditate on the happy seasons of the past, and look forward to the future, when they too shall be laid beside those whom they love and with them enter another state of being.

THE FLOW OF GOLD.—Gold is flowing into the country from all quarters. Since the suspension in New York, less than a week ago, the receipts have been—by the Northern Light, from California, \$1,690,000; by the Black Warrior, from Havana, \$185,000; by the Cahawba, from Havana, \$500,000; and by the Europa, from England, \$315,000; amounting in the aggregate to \$2,690,000. This gold is being disseminated throughout the country, finding its way from New Orleans up to St. Louis as a distributing point, and from New York westward to Chicago.

The flow has just commenced. It will continue for several months yet, as the financiers of the Old World are perfectly aware. With the tide of specie setting thus strongly to this country, a resumption by the Banks ought not to be delayed beyond the latter part of next Spring.—St. Louis paper.

THINGS TO BE PROSCRIBED.—Every State in the Union should henceforth most rigidly proscribe and prohibit the establishment of the "Mushroom," "Wild Cat," and "One-horse" banking concerns which have produced so much mischief and brought discredit on all banking institutions. The breaking down of half a dozen or a dozen of these bubble banks at the commencement of our present financial troubles, spread alarm among the people and embarrassed the operations of the other banks. The people in every part of the country should set their faces against brokers' banks—mere shaving shops—whose issues have no substantial security for their redemption. Legitimate banking institutions should also, as a matter of self-interest, give no countenance to concerns that only prejudice the public mind against all connected with banking operations.—New York Sun.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 5.—A letter from a Democrat Leecompton, dated 2d inst., says that Walker had left there a few days before. His destination was thought to be Washington. It stated that Walker's object in stationing troops at Leecompton was not exactly to protect the convention or to watch and be prepared for any action his slavery enemies might make against him, but because the Legislature, having a large free State majority, will probably repeal obnoxious laws and depose officeholders, in which case a repetition of the bloody scenes of the early history of the Territory is apprehended.

The constitution will be submitted to the people with the slavery clause, which will be objectionable to the free State men and too moderate for the pro-slavery ultras.

The Albany New York Express says that the speaker of the House of Representatives, (in Congress assembled,) by granting the floor to certain members at certain times, and when, in point of fact, they are not entitled to it, can enrich himself to the extent of \$100,000 in a single session! Moreover, we are told on the same authority, that \$10,000 is sometimes offered to the Speaker for the privilege of the floor! Can these things be?

CONGRESSIONAL CORRUPTION.—It is said that a Democratic member of Congress, who was himself ready to offer \$200,000 for the Fort Snelling Reservation, and would have considered it a great prize at that, will move for an investigation of the late fraudulent sale. It is believed that the disclosures will be altogether richer than those of the congressional corruption at the last session.

An exchange paper says, that the girls in some parts of Pennsylvania, are so hard up for husbands that they sometimes take up with printers and lawyers.

There is a chap in Illinois whose hair is so red, that when he goes out before day, he is taken for sunrise, and the cocks begin to crow.

## THE FLOWERS GROWING FROM A TUMULT.

FACTORY.—We mentioned, a few days since, the cause of the lad Northrop, at Ithaca, upon whose diseased limb there grew a singular formation, like to the passion flower. Dr. Hawley, formerly of Geneva College, has written a more detailed account of this case. The lad is from 13 to 14 years old, and has been subject to tenderness and disease of the hip joint, which at two years of age, resulted in extensive tumefaction; three years later an abscess was formed, and finally the disease caused the dislocation of the hip joint. For four months the patient had been unable to move an inch in bed; abscesses have formed in the abdomen, through which the fecal contents of his intestines are discharged; and his nervous sensitiveness has been such that he would allow no one to touch him or make any investigation, and walking across the floor has caused him to cry with pain. The prolongation of his life was regarded as a miracle. On the 4th inst., there was projected from the right limb, which for a long time had been greatly swollen, a stem, on the inner side, at the edge of the gastrocnemius muscle, rising at right angles with it, more than seven inches in height, with a flower squarely set upon it, resembling the Passion Flower, or the China Aster. On Wednesday the boy felt an oozing from what had been expected to be an abscess, and expressed great relief. He did not permit any examination until Saturday afternoon, when a stem was seen arising at right angles with the limb, at about the height of three inches, crowned with pure white buds, resembling the white buds of the orange. On being exposed to the light the flower expanded and assumed the color of a beautiful grayish purple.—Rock Dem.

DOUGLAS JERROLD'S WITTICISMS.—A tedious old gentleman meeting Jerrold in Regent street, and having stopped him, posed himself into button-hold attitude, while preparing to grapple. "Well, Jerrold, my dear boy, what is going on?" "I am," quoth the wit, instantly shooting off along the pavement.

A dull foreigner was indulging in a rapacious description of the beauties of the *Prodigine*. "As to one song in particular (naming the song) I was quite carried away." "Is there anybody here that can sing it?" said Jerrold.

Somebody told Jerrold that George Robbins, the auctioneer, was dead, "and of course," added the gentleman, "his business will go to the devil." "Oh, then, he'll get it again," said the wit.

A literary friend, who has set up a neat barouche with a pair of greys, drove Jerrold out one day into the country. As he passed through a village the people came to their doors to behold the pretty equipage. "I think they are struck with our greys," remarked the charioteer. "I wonder what they would say of our duns?" quoth Jerrold.

EXPORTS OF GREAT BRITAIN.—The London Economist thinks that the exports from Great Britain in 1857 will exceed \$600,000,000. The amount in 1856 was \$579,130,000, against \$478,440,000 in 1855. The chief increase during the first half of the present year has taken place in the exports to the United States, British India and the Australian colonies.

A sailor dropped out of the rigging of a ship of war, some fifteen or twenty feet, and fell plump on the head of the first lieutenant.

"Wretch!" said the officer, after he had gathered himself up, "where the d—l did you come from?"

"An' sure I come from the north of Ireland, yer honor."

"A man can't help what is done behind his back," as the loafer said when he was kicked out of doors.

We understand that there is a man in this country who has moved so often, that whenever a covered wagon comes near his house, his chickens all march up, fall on their backs and cross their legs, ready to be tied and carried to the next stopping place.—West Alabama.

An exchange paper says the most dignified, glorious and lovely work of nature is woman—the next man—and thirdly the Berkshire pig.

A drunkard lately tried to get a policeman to arrest his own shadow.—His complaints was, that an ill-looking scoundrel kept following him.

"Much remains unsung," as the tom cat remarked to the brickbat, when it abruptly cuts short his serenade.

The cradle is woman's ballot-box. Yes, and some of them deposit in it two at once. Now, isn't that illegal?

The Democrats will have a majority of forty-seven on the joint ballot in the Pennsylvania legislature.